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AMERICAN RED CROSS MAGAZINE

Vol. XI September, 1916 No. 9

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VOLUME ELEVEN NUMBER NINE

The American Red Cross Magazine

EDITED BY AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM

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All members should receive the Magazine; any member failing to receive it, or having any suggestion to make regarding Red Cross service, will please communicate with the Secretary, American Red Cross, 1624 H street, Washington, D. C.

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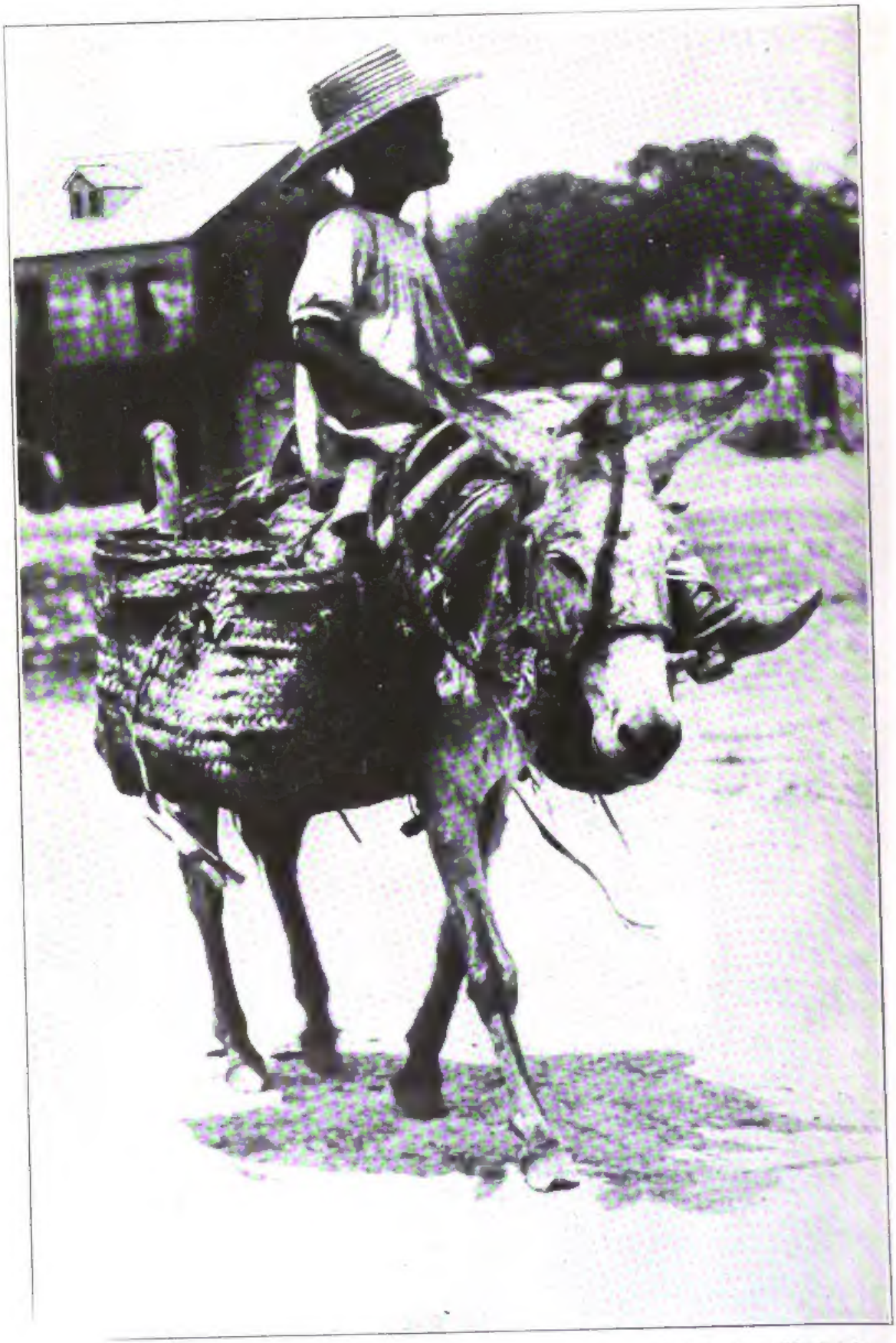

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MISS HAITI AND HER PALFREY

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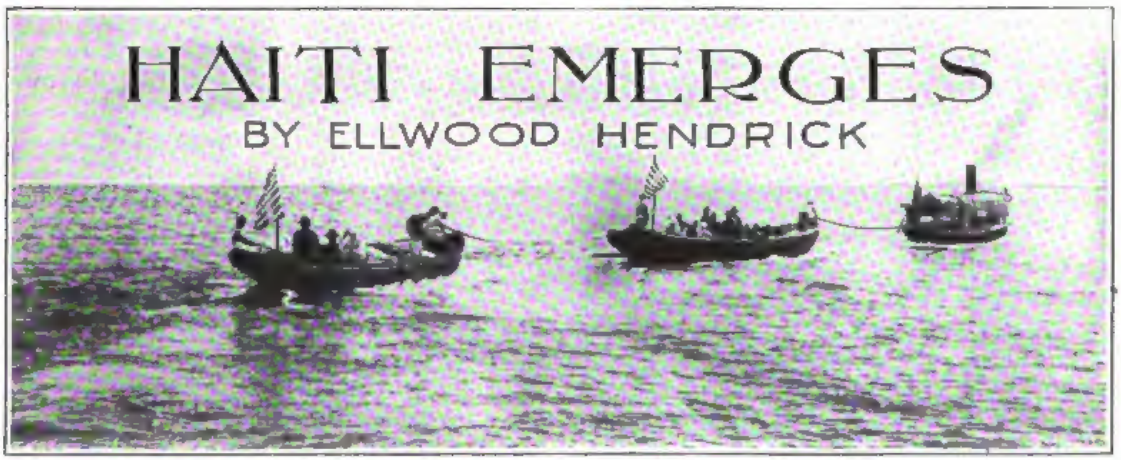
THE AMERICAN RED CROSS MAGAZINE

VOLUME ELEVEN | SEPTEMBER, 1916 | NUMBER NINE

HAITI EMERGES

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK



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UNITED STATES MARINES BEING LANDED BY LAUNCHES AT PORT AU PRINCE

THE garden spot of the world is the Antilles, and of all the islands none is more fertile, richer in natural gifts, or of more equable climate than Haiti. You have but to scratch the ground and nearly everything of the tropics and nearly all the vegetables and fruits of the temperate zone will grow. As a Spanish possession, at the time of its discovery and taking by Columbus, it was peopled by some 2,000,000 native Indians, who were said by the Spaniards to be feeble in intellect and physically defective. So—or for some other reason—the gentle Spaniards of those days put an end to their trials and tribulations in this weary world. They killed them off; they exterminated them. Then, as early as 1512, slaves were imported from Africa, and their descendants today possess the land.

In the entanglements of circumstance it became a French colony. By the end of the eighteenth century there had been troubles about slavery, and the habit of murder and bloodshed was revived. Then arose a man—a big, black man—called Toussaint L'Ouverture, who was a genius. He first drove out the English, who had taken possession of a small part of the island, and with the approval of France he established constitutional government, together with peace and order. First Consul Bonaparte, however, desired to reëstablish slavery, which had been abolished, and Toussaint was lured to France, where he died in prison in 1805. General Leclerc, brother-in-law to Napoleon, was sent out with 25,000 troops to reestablish French colonial rule, and he failed. By 1803 the French evacuated the island. Then a negro dictator, Jean Jacques Dessalines, declared himself the head of the government, and he promptly massacred all the whites. So the Black Republic began, with a very red tradition and on a field gules.

A majority of the Haitian people believe in signs and portents and secret rites by the dark of the moon, and practice dreadful doings that we had better not

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Harris & Ewing, Washington

REAR ADMIRAL W. B. CAPERTON, U. S. N.,

Who established the friendly protectorate over Haiti for the U. S. Government and directed the Red Cross relief work among the starving natives. Admiral Caperton recently succeeded Admiral Winslow as commander of the Pacific fleet.

talk about. There was once a sorcerer named Vaudoux who was a power in the land, and to him are ascribed the practices now known as Voodoo, that are supposed to bring luck and to put a curse upon an enemy and to fulfill unexpurgated fancies of the very lowest order. Nevertheless it is a republic, the Haitians are a sovereign people, and so they have a capital and a president and a cabinet and courts of law and ministers resident of the great nations of the earth, and more especially and particularly collectors of customs, who bring in the revenue—that is to say, they used to have them.

WHEN JULY 27-28, 1915, CAME

Now let us come down to July 27, 1915. Mr. Robert Beale Davis, Jr., of Petersburg, Va., was American Chargé d'Affaires at Port au Prince, and M. Girard was French Minister, while Mr. Kohan was the British Chargé. There were other diplomats in Port au Prince, but they drop out of the story at this point; for they either took to the woods or the cellars of their respective royal or imperial or national residences until the trouble was over. You can read all about July 27 and 28, 1915, in Haiti in great detail in an article by Mr. George Mervin in the *World's Work* for February, 1916. It is worth while to look up the files to find it; and if you do, you will discover that two French girls, the daughters of M. et Mme. Girard, are women of France who did not flinch in the face of danger. We shall now do a little cribbing from Mr. Mervin's article.

For about a year the president of Haiti had been one Guillaume Sam, a dark negro of the Congo type. The head of the revolutionary party was a "Dr." Ronsalvo Bobo, a red-headed mulatto. The legations at Port au Prince, except the American legation, which would not receive them, were full of refugees of the Bobo faction or adherents of the previous administration of former president Davilmar Théodore, and President Sam was after them with tropical fury. In the prison were 175 political suspects, many of whom were prominent citizens. You may gather from this that there was what is politely called a wave of political discontent in Haiti at the time.

The American Chargé was wakened at half past four in the morning of July 27 by musketry, more musketry than usual, and machine guns. He went to the legation, and he first met the director of the Franco-American Bank, who told him of what he soon saw—a sickening monotony of dead men and shooting and killing from all directions and in all directions—shooting from windows and on the streets. He straightway telegraphed to Admiral Caperton, on board the *Washington* at Cape Haitien, urging him to come at once with all speed. By this time it was shortly after noon. In the meantime "General" Oscar, by order of the president, Sam, had butchered 168 of the 175 political prisoners, and His Excellency Monsieur Sam had made his way from his barricaded palace to the French

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legation, having received a shot in the leg en route.

HATS OFF TO THIS DAUGHTER OF FRANCE

The French Minister and the British Chargé sent word to Mr. Davis that they needed him, as the president had taken refuge in the French legation, and there were problems in the air that needed at least three heads to solve. Mr. Davis went. Then Charles Zamor, brother of one of the political prisoners who had been murdered, and himself a fearless man, called at the embassy, stating that he desired to kill Guillaume Sam. At this point Mlle. Alice Girard, the 18-year-old daughter of the French Minister, "flew at him with vehement reproaches, reminding him of the months her family had sheltered him from death at the hands of the man he would kill and of his ingratitude in seeking thus to violate their hospitality. He threw down his machete and walked out of the house."

Ladies and Gentlemen, a toast: "The health of Madamoiselle Alice Girard!"

Then the French Minister and his family and the American and British Chargés watched through the night. At 9 o'clock next morning Mr. Davis went back to the American legation and found a dispatch from Admiral Caperton saying that he was coming at full speed. It had seemed likely that any further attempts on the embassy would be deferred until the next night, but immediately, on reading his dispatch, he heard a dreadful yell of innumerable mad voices, and on his run back to the French legation he saw the *Washington* steaming in with a great bone in her teeth; and, on reaching his destination, found the doors broken open, and that Guillaume Sam had been taken. The French Minister and his family and Mr. Kohan had not been physically molested. Soon triumphal marches of various groups started in different directions, all shouting and cheering—each group with a portion of the late president as booty!

Within an hour the *Washington* was at anchor, and soon after that 500 marines and jackies were marching through the streets, four abreast, very quietly but very seriously, and fully armed. Then they took their places in squads at points of vantage, and all was still.

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DENIZEN OF PORT AU PRINCE

A type of the Haitian average citizen

AN APPEAL TO THE RED CROSS

Now you can picture for yourself the situation. Mr. Davis immediately put himself into communication with the Red Cross in Washington. With all the dead and wounded and utter disorder abroad and famine abounding, there was need for immediate relief. The response was also immediate, and the Red Cross and

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STREET SCENE IN CAPITAL OF THE TURBULENT BLACK REPUBLIC

the U. S. Navy took the matter in hand, jointly. Nearly a year later—in June, 1916—after much relief work had been done in the islands, Rear Admiral W. B. Caperton, who had served as a kind of general manager for Haiti, wrote to Miss Mabel T. Boardman, of the Red Cross Executive Committee, in part, as follows:

"Your letter of the 19th ultimo reached me by the last mail and it greatly pleased me to think that I have been somewhat helpful to the great work of the American Red Cross, and I wish to assure you that your letter has given me great pleasure. . . .

"I shall forward you very shortly the final report of the work carried on by means of the money which you intrusted to my care for this purpose, together with an itemized account of how it has been expended since the last report.

"I am at present in Santo Domingo, and have been for the past month, but still have control of affairs in Haiti.

"In conclusion, I wish to assure you that it is a source of great pleasure to us all to feel that we have in some way contributed to the American Red Cross work, and the Haitian people never fail to express their appreciation of it."

Most of the details which follow (except the final references to the treaty) are taken from a report of Past Assistant Surgeon P. E. Garrison, U. S. N., to Admiral Caperton, which covers more particularly the first three months of 1916, although it refers at length to the work done by his predecessor. Past Assistant Surgeon Henry A. May, U. S. N., directed relief work prior to Surgeon Garrison's assignment.

The first work was cleaning up, burying dead, opening hospitals, and feeding. The need of clothing for warmth in Haiti is less pressing, although the evenings are usually cool. After order had been restored, the amount of suffering was still great, and with funds from the Red Cross the U. S. Navy continued the work. It may seem surprising, and again it may not, but there are a considerable number of residents of Haiti who are not addicted to work, whose passion for industry is subject to limitations; therefore,

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THE ANCIENT DILAPIDATED PRISON IN PORT AU PRINCE FROM WHICH THE FORMER LATE PRESIDENT SAM TOOK 168 POLITICAL PRISONERS AND RIDDLED THEM WITH BULLETS

Later he was himself assassinated and his body cut up and distributed in chunks as souvenirs

as soon as the screeching, riotous disorder of the end of July and the beginning of August was overcome, there was required proper identification of each applicant for relief, and the card system was established.

There is no non-sectarian charitable organization there, but there are many churches, and these were availed of—the Roman Catholic through their parish authorities and the Protestant missions through their ministers and lay workers. In each of the Catholic parishes there were a number of men and women who visited among the poor and reported cases of poverty and sickness to the curate. Then he or the vicar would investigate the cases and forward the reports to the Red Cross representatives. At the Wesleyan Methodist Mission there were four women who did the visiting and reporting. The Methodist minister, Reverend Mr. Turnbull, did such constant and efficient service as to be specially thanked by Doctor Garrison in his report. By developing all of these agencies reliable reports were secured. In the very earliest work sums of money were given to the curates of each parish for distribution, but as soon as organization was completed all supplies were delivered at the Red Cross depots.

POPULACE IS FED TWICE A DAY

Two food depots were established and maintained by the Red Cross, of which one was supplied by waste food collected from naval vessels in the harbor and from the marine forces ashore. The amount of this varied greatly, being from 10 to 25 barrels a day. These were made up into rations and distributed to the needy twice a day, at a cost of a little less than eight-tenths of a cent per ration. This we might ponder over in a number of ways. It tells us how great the need of food was in Haiti at the time, and it also indicates that our kitchen practices are not economical. Dry groceries, consisting of flour, beans, corn-meal, and

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THE SEAT OF THE AMERICAN PROTECTORATE GOVERNMENT IN PORT AU PRINCE, WITH THE UNITED STATES AND HAITIAN FLAGS ABOVE THE ENTRANCE ARCH

lard, were purchased from the marine quartermaster at contract prices, and these were also distributed at the Red Cross food depots.

By the end of April, although there was still need on that part of the island, which is Haiti, the gratuitous distribution of food was brought down to small deliveries, owing to bettered conditions.

The Navy surgeons worked night and day for nine months, and they have their hands full still; but order is beginning to show and health to obtain as a result. For a time hospital tents were erected and managed with the aid of native physicians in the outlying districts. Milk depots, day nurseries, and an employment bureau were organized and put into operation, and by the end of April Doctor Garrison said no more Red Cross funds would be asked for. His recommendations for the future include a continuation of the employment bureau and of the day nurseries for working women, a reorganization of the hospital system and out-patient departments, the distribution of small amounts of food for three months from last April, and the establishment of institutions to care for the aged and infirm. To cover expenses, immediate at the time, he recommends an appropriation of $500 a month from the Haitian Government.

"Haitian Government!" you are likely to exclaim. "Do you mean Gen. Mumbo Sam or Gen. Sambo Mum, or which particular colored gentleman in gold lace and bare feet do you indicate as the 'Haitian Government'"?

TEN-YEAR PROTECTORATE IS ESTABLISHED

We do not, gentle reader, mean any dictator at all. We mean the Haitian Government. For on the 16th of September, 1915, there was signed a treaty by Robert Beale Davis, Jr., Chargé d'Affaires of the United States (seal) et par Louis Borno, Secrétaire d'Etat des Relations Extérieures et de l'Instruction Publique de la Republique d'Haiti (seal), and all confirmed and promulgated by the respective governments, which is now in full force. It provides that the United States shall collect all customs duties; that a financial adviser from the United States shall devise methods of government accounting and adjust revenues to expenses, and that the general super-

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THE SIGNING OF THE PEACE PACT

Col. L. W. T. Waller, who commanded the U. S. Marines on the main expedition, negotiated it

vision of the finances of the country shall be under a man or men appointed by the President of Haiti on nomination by the President of the United States. The army is disbanded. Do you get that? *There isn't any army in Haiti any more;* and in its place there is a constabulary of 2,700 men, with officers named by the President of the United States. Sanitation and public improvements are under American engineers. Thus Haiti saved herself from bankruptcy and comes under the protection of Uncle Sam for ten years, with ten years more if the work of financial and general order is not accomplished. Many of the old soldiers have been taken into the constabulary. Given good clothes, regular meals, regular pay, and with a good standard of behavior set before them, they become good public servants. Order reigns there. They are planting coffee again. Streets are being repaved, sewers laid, smuggling has been stopped, and depredations have ceased. On public improvements many natives who are out of work volunteer their services. Crops are growing. Port au Prince is looking up as a port of call for steamers. There are a few very sore and disgruntled "generals," but they must be quiet for at least ten years. The people are getting a taste of peace and they like it. Reports from Haiti are favorable. The U. S. Navy is in control.

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NOW, PA, DO **YOUR** DUTY

NOW COME FATHER LIE DOWN ON THE FLOOR. MOTHER AND I MUST PRACTICE PUTTING SPLINTS ON A SHELL SHATTERED LIMB
FIRST AID
GAAR WILLIAMS

Williams in Indianapolis News

HOSPITAL SHIP VPERIOD IS SUNK

NATIONAL Headquarters of the American Red Cross in Washington have received the following cablegram from the Central Committee of the Russian Red Cross in Petrograd:

"On July 8 about 9.00 o'clock in the morning the hospital ship *Vperiod* of the Russian Red Cross, having all the external marks required by The Hague Convention, was torpedoed and sunk about thirty-two leagues from Batum, near the village of Vitse (on the Black Sea) by an enemy submarine. There were eight deaths and seven wounded among the crew and sanitary personnel of the ship. All hostile governments had been notified of the equipment of the *Vperiod* as a hospital ship All possibility of a mistake is excluded. We protest with most profound indignation against this new crime."

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CHAMPIONS OF THE ARCHAIC OX-CART

IT HURTS like sin to have the shattered parts of a broken leg, arm, or rib rub together. Also certain modern cushion-tired auto ambulances are vicious things.

The first of these truths is an old one. It sounds foolish to repeat it, doesn't it? But the second statement or charge is new. They are coupled here—presented together in the first paragraph all by themselves—for they have just reached America thusly coupled from a Bulgarian country roadside, brought by an American surgeon. Here's the story, a pathetic plea, indeed, for the old-fashioned two-wheeled wooden ox-cart.

The American doctor was riding in an automobile with a prominent Bulgarian army surgeon over a rough road several miles in the rear of a number of well-filled auto ambulances. At a lonely turn of the road, miles from a habitation of any kind, and far from any recent battle scene, they were surprised to find half a dozen badly wounded Bulgarian soldiers. Some were sitting with bandaged heads and arms; others with broken legs were lying stretched out. The Bulgarian surgeon was amazed.

"How did you get here? Who left you here? What does this mean?"

The questions spurted as from a machine gun.

"If your honor, please, will allow me," began a sad-faced sitting trooper with a swathed head, "I'll explain. Those new ambulances—the automobiles, your honor—when they hit a log in the road or a rock they bounce one high. And, your honor, it is horribly unpleasant to have broken bones so tossed about. The six of us, sir, begged the drivers to leave us here."

"How long and for what?"

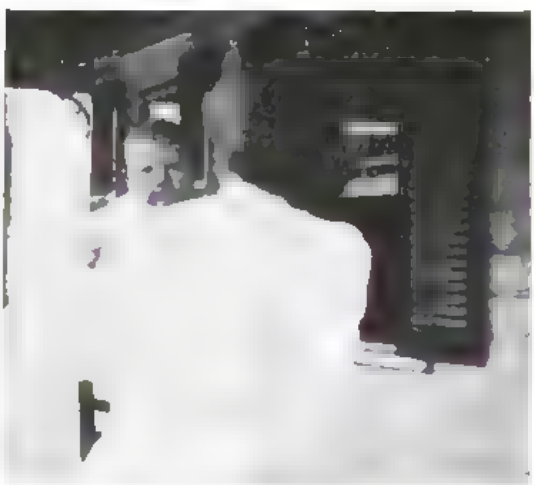
"Oh, your honor, we're waiting for the ox-carts. They're more gentle, sir. It's one wheel at a time with them when they hit a log, sir, and they let you down soft. They'll be along before night and we'll wait, if you please."

HERE'S A LAD WITH THE SPIRIT

GENTLE Reader, meet Master Joseph W. Hatch, Jr.! Joe, my boy, meet the Gentle Reader! If you don't know how to shake hands, at least give a coo or two!

Now that introductions are over, let us explain that Master Hatch, through the thoughtfulness of his good mother, who is looking the other way in the photograph, joined the American Red Cross—just as every American may—when he was less than one day old. This picture was taken when he was beginning to take a bit of interest in life—he's all of six weeks old here.

Master Joseph lives in the Metropolitan district and is the record holder for early action in the New York Red Cross membership campaign.



Master Joseph W. Hatch, Jr., of New York who joined the American Red Cross when less than a day old. He is all of six weeks in this picture

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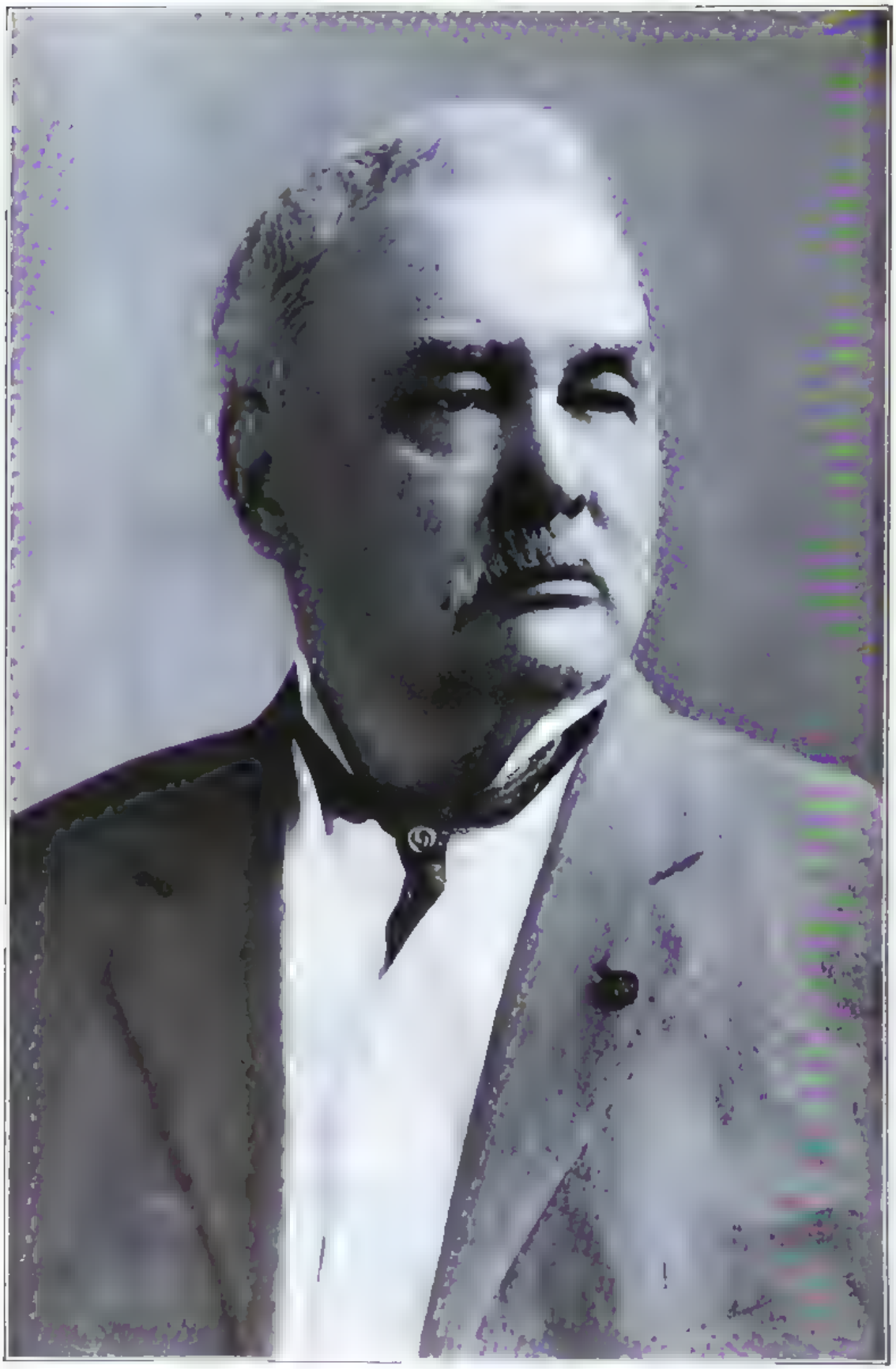

Clinedinst, Washington

HON. JAMES TANNER, OF WASHINGTON

Whose story, "Before Red Cross Days," should interest every friend of humanity

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BEFORE RED CROSS DAYS

OR

Second Bull Run and the End of the War for Me

By CORPORAL JAMES TANNER

Few living men have suffered from the combined effects of grievous wounds and unpardonable neglect as did Hon. James Tanner, a corporal in the 87th New York Volunteers during the Civil War. Corporal Tanner—the "Corporal" title is as much a part of his name today as the "Stonewall" in Stonewall Jackson's name—although losing both feet and being pushed to the very brink of death by a miserably lax and meager war relief system, survived to render to his country distinguished public service. In addition to holding responsible posts in the Federal Customs Service, he has been United States Commissioner of Pensions and Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, the latter office being filled by him today. He was Department Commander of the G. A. R., New York, in 1876, and Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., 1905 1906. An exceptionally eloquent and forceful orator, Corporal Tanner has been a staunch and valued supporter of the American Red Cross for years and is now a member of its Central Committee. His own story of his terrible misfortune in the second battle of Bull Run and what followed abounds in patriotic and heroic sentiment, tragedies and pathetic incidents that grip the heart, and a deal of grim humor. All through it an imperative warning is sounded which we hope will drive home.—THE EDITOR.

I AM NOT egotistical enough to think that it is of any particular interest to any but my circle of intimate friends to know the particulars of the tragedy which befell me at the second battle of Bull Run, now nearly fifty-four years ago. But the persuasive editor of this Magazine writes me, asking for a recital of those long-ago days when I was in the army, and insists that to have brought to larger attention the horrible experiences I underwent at that time will accentuate "with startling emphasis the need of a Red Cross organization, scientifically and adequately equipped" for the handling of such tragedies. Thus I place the responsibility for the publication of this article on him, but the more readily because it, perchance, will come under the eyes of some to whom I have most persistently urged practical support of the Red Cross—sometimes, I am afraid, to a degree which has tried their patience.

The great public of the United States are generous to a fault, many times inconsiderately so; therefore it seems to me that when they have a chance to bestow their benefactions through a well organized and responsible body like the American National Red Cross, whose every act is made a matter of record and of publicity, an organization which acknowledges and accounts for every dollar it receives and expends, whose accounts are audited by sworn officers of the government and whose operations are safeguarded in every possible way, there should be no question, when there is occasion for their Christ-like ministrations either in war or during the calamities which come to humanity in civil life, of their being amply equipped to afford instant and practical relief.

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MUSTERED OUT BY ARTILLERY

My baptism of fire during the national tragedy of the sixties came on the picket line at Yorktown. I was in at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Seven Days, Malvern Hill, and the Second Bull Run, where I was mustered out of the United States service, so to speak, by a section of Stonewall Jackson's artillery. To all surviving comrades of those days I would simply state that I served in the division commanded by the gallant and glorious Gen. Phil Kearny, and that I kept up with the procession as long as I could stand up. That will be enough for them.

When the Army of the Potomac evacuated the Peninsula, my regiment marched across Harrison's Landing to Yorktown, where we took transport and disembarked at Alexandria, marching out to Manassas to join Pope. The headquarters of the regiment remained at this place, while a portion of us were sent toward Richmond, down the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, to guard it at various points. I was in charge of a squad of men that went the farthest toward Richmond and were halted under orders for the night at a small bridge south of Calvert Station. My instructions were that we should watch during the night, and if the enemy made an appearance we were to fall back up the line of the road toward Manassas, firing our guns in the meantime and making all the noise we could to give notice of the enemy's advance. They did not appear, and the next morning we fell back. When we came in sight of Manassas we learned that Jackson had broken in there the night before, scattered our forces, and destroyed millions of dollars' worth of government stores. The regiment was scattered; our color-bearer, John Dugan, escaped in the night and saved our colors from capture. There was not a single commissioned officer, but fifteen of us members of the 87th went to our Brigadier General, John C. Robinson, afterward Lieutenant Governor of New York under Governor Dix.

General Robinson complimented us on our fidelity and assigned us to the 105th Pennsylvania, and on the 30th of August, 1862, we found our brigade constituting the extreme right of the Union lines.

We were lying on a slope, a meadow field, a gradual rise of ground in front of us; and over beyond the rise, out of sight, was the left of the Confederate lines. Pretty soon their shot and shell went flying over our heads, falling far in our rear; then they shortened their fuses and the shot commenced to explode over our heads, or not far away. Anticipating that the artillery fire was but preliminary to a charge over the hill, General Robinson ordered us to fix bayonets and lie down. The whole brigade did so. As I dropped down on my face, I threw my right heel over my left.

The shots became more numerous and exploded nearer. Presently I saw one go to pieces in the air in front of us, the first to do so, and at an angle of 45 degrees. I felt instinctively that it meant harm to me and ducked my head, so that my forehead struck the sod sharply. The next instant I felt a great shock and knew I had been hit, and hit hard; but I had no conception of the terrible misfortune which had overtaken me until a comrade on my right sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "My God! Look at that poor boy with both feet gone!"

I was the first one wounded on that part of the line and it created a sensation. They seemed paralyzed until I said: "Don't let a fellow lie here until another one comes and takes his head off!" My mind was never clearer, and while it was a great shock, there seemed to be no pain, the only sensation being one of numbness. My comrades laid me on a blanket in the absence of a stretcher. Then they rolled a musket in at each side of the blanket and lifted me to their shoulders.

I had been struck by a fragment of shell, which they brought to me and I had it in my hands for an instant. I had been struck just above the ankle. The right limb was entirely severed except for a fragment of flesh and skin, and the missile had crushed through the bone of the left limb; so there was no hope of saving either one.

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A SANITARY COMMISSION LODGE NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VA.

This is reproduced from the print of a wood cut in an old school history. Some woman of the noble heroic type of Dorothea Dix, of whom there were hundreds North and South, is represented by the figure in the doorway. The best attention possible was given by this unprepared, "jumped-up" war-relief organization throughout the Civil War.

AN OPERATION UNDER SHELL FIRE

My head projected beyond the edge of the blanket, and, as it naturally dropped, I looked back under the blanket, and there I saw my feet swinging at the other end. As my feet swung, one of the comrades took hold of them, laid them up on the edge of the blanket as far as he could, wiped my blood from his hands on the blanket, and exclaimed: "God help you, poor boy!" as they carried me away. Entering a little ravine somewhat to the rear and right of our line, we came across an assistant surgeon, who was operating there in the ravine. My comrades asked him to see what he could do for me and they laid me down on the ground. One of his assistants commenced cutting away my garments, while he himself opened a chloroform bottle and held it to my nostrils, and the last thing I remembered was that he told me to take long sniffs. The next I heard was "He's coming to," and I soon realized that the operation was over, and that I had parted forever from the good feet which had thus far carried me through life. Long years afterward the surgeon told me he did not believe there was ever a limb amputated quicker than my left one. Just as he finished amputating the right limb a shell burst very low over our heads and everybody in the group expected to be wiped out of existence.

Every one dropped to the ground, but the shell had spread as it exploded and no one was hurt. The surgeon sprang to his feet, completed the operation on the left limb, and, realizing that he had done all he could for me, and that it depended upon my comrades as to what might become of me, without waiting to wipe his instruments, threw them into his saddle-bag, threw the bag over his horse, flung himself into the saddle, and galloped away.

The fight had been going on, our lines had been broken, and our men were fleeing in confusion. My comrades halted a couple of negroes who were carrying a stretcher, took it away from them, and placed me upon it. Lifting me to their

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shoulders, they started across fields in an effort to save me from being taken prisoner. I had recovered enough to realize somewhat the situation from the rushing past us of men and the remarks of my comrades. Twilight had fallen, and I had no doubt that it was not only the close of the day, but the close of my life, and that I would never see another sunrise. I rallied enough to argue with my comrades that it was a hopeless task to which they had set themselves and would simply result in all of us being taken prisoners; then separation would inevitably come, and it would mean Libbey Prison for them. But a great horror arose in my mind at the possibility of their being compelled to lay me down in the field or by the roadside to die alone, and I begged them to see if they could get me where there was anybody else, and then seek safety for themselves.

Very soon we came across what is known as the Van Pelt farm-house, and, entering a room, they laid me on the floor. Numerous others of our wounded were carried into the house or laid on the ground around it, aggregating the next day over 170.

A PARTING OF FRIENDS

As the boys laid me down, one after the other of the five of them grasped my hand and said "Good-by." Last of all came the one who was closest to me. He was Sergt. Jonathan Sproul, who afterwards lost a leg in the Battle of Fredericksburg and died in the hospital here in Washington. In my army experience he had grown to be David to my Jonathan, and as he leaned over me and clasped my hand he could not speak for an instant. His tears splashed on my face; and then, with a quick grasp of the hand, he sobbed out, "Good-by, old boy, 'til I come over," dashed out of the house, and in fifteen minutes we who remained were prisoners of war.

Only one event of that awful night, besides those which I have related, remains indelibly stamped upon my memory. All my life I have been charmed by oratory, and that night I listened to what I have always considered one of the finest orations on patriotism which my ear has ever drunk in—and I have made it a point to listen to the best orators of my time. I had either been sleeping or unconscious, through the combined effects of exhaustion and the chloroform, but at some time during the night I was aware of what was going on around me and conscious that there was a lamp sitting on the floor a little way from me and to my left. I finally made out the form of the kneeling figure of a man. It proved to be a Union surgeon, who had been left behind to do what he could for us, and who was examining a comrade who lay there wounded, shot through the abdomen.

I heard the wounded man charge the surgeon to tell him the truth and let him know exactly what the prospect was. The surgeon examined him closely, and all too soon rendered his decision that he could not possibly live to see the morning sunlight. I heard a deep sigh, and then he asked the surgeon if he would do a little favor for him. Receiving an affirmative answer, he gave to the surgeon the name and address of his wife, both of which I forget. The address was some little town up in Michigan. It appeared that he was a man of some property and he desired, through the surgeon, to give his wife advice how to handle what worldly goods he left, so that she would reap the most advantage therefrom. This he did as clearly and collectedly as I ever heard any man of business discuss his affairs. Then came a pause. The surgeon, anxious, undoubtedly, to get at others who sorely needed his assistance, said: "Is that all, my friend?" "No," he responded falteringly, "that is *not* all! I am leaving two little boys behind. Oh, my God!" It was a great burst of agonized expression. He then told the surgeon to say to his wife that he charged her to rear those boys so that if when manhood years and manhood strength should come unto them and the country should need their services they would give them, even unto their lives, as cheerfully as he trusted under God their father gave his life that night. In the gray of the following dawn I turned my head and looked that way. There was a cloth over his face, and soon they carried his mortal remains out for burial.

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NEGLECTED IN RAIN; "JOHNNY" GIVES CANTEEN

I hardly appreciate how time passed between that Saturday evening when I was carried in there and the following Tuesday morning, and I have had no recollection recur to me of it since except as I have specified; but on Tuesday morning they carried me out and placed me on a stretcher under an apple tree in the rear dooryard. So far as I know, no attention had been paid to me except the giving, occasionally, of a drink of water. During Tuesday forenoon, as I lay under the apple tree, a hard thunderstorm occurred, and I was drenched. All who could move were scurrying to get under some kind of shelter, but I lay with my mouth wide open, burning up with fever as I was, and thanked God for every drop of rain-water that fell on my tongue.

A surgeon of one of the New York regiments and half a dozen of our soldiers had been left behind to do what they could for us wounded. During the forenoon, as I lay there under the apple tree, a Johnny Reb came along, stopped, looked at me pityingly, and then said: "Poor boy, can I do anything for you?" I answered: "Johnny, I'd thank you for a drink of water." He pulled the cork from his canteen, emptied the contents thereof on the ground, went to the well, filled it with fresh water, brought it back, and held it to my lips until my thirst was assuaged. Then, recorking it, he wrapped the strap around it and shoved it under my right shoulder as I lay on the stretcher and said: "Here, Yank; God knows if this will do you any good, you are welcome to it." I thanked him again for his further kindness and asked him what the latest news was. He told me of the battle at Chantilly the night before, where Kearny and Stevens had fallen. All of my service in the field had been under General Kearny and he was my beau ideal of a soldier. Like all others who served under him, I had wonderful affection for him. It seemed almost impossible, and I confess that I burst into tears.

That afternoon a little tent was pitched a short distance from where I lay. It would accommodate six in all, three on a side. Scantling had been thrown down on the grass, loose boards laid on that, and this wedge tent erected over that platform. Six of us were placed therein, and the six of us had had seven legs amputated, the other five having lost one each. Our garments had been cut from our persons for sanitary reasons. Between our naked bodies and the rough boards of that floor we each had a rubber blanket, and each one had a blanket over him. I was favored above some of the others in that I had a piece of board about as long as my arm, set up slanting, and this was my pillow. Our experiences at that time are almost too horrible to mention.

HANDLED BY DRUNKEN SURGEON

The Union surgeon left in charge of us, it proved, absorbed in his own stomach the whiskey in the medical stores which ought, if necessary, to have been forced down our throats to help us sustain the terrible shock we were under. We had very little to eat during the ten days we lay there, and most of that consisted of what those of our comrades who, though wounded, were able to crawl around and gather in from the haversacks of the dead. One day the surgeon staggered into our little tent, and, as I lay nearest, he stooped over to unbandage one of my limbs and set his foot on the end of the other. For the first time in all that horrible experience I screamed with agony. It was fortunate for us when he left the tent, for in the condition he was, if he had undertaken to dress the limbs of any of us at that time, it would have ended our lives then and there.

The heat of that Virginia sun during the time we lay there, from the 30th of August until the morning of the 10th of September, was terrific, and we suffered greatly. The flies were a terrible nuisance and the resulting horrors naturally occurred. One day, as we lay there, there were more or less moans of "Water! water!" from our tent, and then there came to us an exemplification of the brotherhood of man which, as one considers it, lifts him to a higher plane of thought, inevitably. Among those who lay around outside on the grass there was

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one who was terribly wounded in the side by a piece of shell—mortally wounded, it proved. When I think of him there always comes to mind the scene when Sir Philip Sidney gave to the wounded soldier the cup of water meant for himself, saying: "Friend, thy necessity is greater than mine. Drink."

So there lay our comrade, unknown to us except for the fact that he wore our uniform, and it seemed to me that he was a lineal descendant in spirit, if not in blood, of the gallant knight of the Elizabethan period; for he heard our moans, and, while he could not rise and go and bring us water, he looked out yonder under one of the trees where apples had fallen to the ground, and, though every motion must have been for him agony unutterable, he clutched the grass, dragged himself along until within reach of the apples, picked them up, put them in the pockets of his blouse, whirled around to keep his bleeding side uppermost, again dragged himself painfully back to the entrance of our tent, and, as I lay nearest, handed them out to me one by one. I took them and passed them along to Shute, who handed one to his neighbor on the left and tossed one to each of the three on the opposite side. I had just set my teeth in the last apple handed in—and oh! how delicious it tasted, unripe though it was—when I heard an agonized groan on my right, and, rolling my head on my board pillow, I saw our unknown benefactor, his hands clenched, a shudder in his frame, and in an instant his soul had passed to God.

On the morning of the 10th of September a Confederate officer came along and took our names and the designations of our companies and regiments, paroling us. As he took my record he said, pityingly: "Poor boy, *you'll* never do us any more harm." I answered: "I presume that's so, Johnny, but don't forget that while the flesh is weak the spirit is mighty willing." So we were paroled and loaded into ambulances that had come within the Confederate lines after us and started on the most horrible journey of my life, as far as physical suffering goes, for the hospital at Alexandria.

JOURNEYING OVER ROUGH ROADS

One of those who had lost one limb was my companion in the ambulance I was placed in. We rode over rough roads, through creeks, across fields, and were so weak that we could not control the movement of our limbs, and added to our pain by tossing against each other. Our driver was a big, burly, bewhiskered individual who did not show any indications of refinement, but he had a heart that was true at the core. Our groans distressed him and finally he halted his team, reached down to the box of the ambulance, which runs along in front under the dashboard, pulled out a long black bottle full of whiskey, pulled the cork, and laid it over between us, saying: "Here, boys, if this will help you any, go to it." Truth compels me to confess that we lay there and drank that whiskey until we were in a drunken stupor; but I am bound to state in the same breath that, in my opinion, that whiskey under God undoubtedly saved our lives.

It was after dark when we arrived at Fairfax Seminary Hospital, in the outskirts of Alexandria, very near the point of death from the exhaustion of the awful ride we had endured. I was one of the first to be taken out of the ambulances and was placed in a bed at the end of one of the long wooden wards adjacent to the seminary building. No attention was paid to me for some little time and I became quite impatient, realizing that my case would be critical if it was not attended to soon; and, seeing a man coming down the length of the aisle who seemed as though he might be some official, I hailed him and asked him as he halted if he had any authority there. He smilingly answered that he believed he had a little. I learned afterward that he was the surgeon in charge, David P. Smith, a splendid specimen of manhood and an honor to his profession.

He asked me what was the matter and I told him that if he would lift the sheet he would see. He did so, and then I told him that we had been under the care of a drunken surgeon while prisoners for the last ten days, and I judged that if I did not get some attention very quickly the most they could do for me would be to

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carry me out for burial. He at once halted a nurse who happened to be passing through, gave directions to have various materials brought to him, and at once proceeded to unbandage my limbs and to give them proper attention. I knew by his exclamations to the nurse that he felt that my condition was an outrage, and that some one was mightily to blame. I did not learn until some time afterward, when my brother came down, that when he unbandaged my limbs he found that the lint put on at the first dressing in the ravine a short time after I was wounded had never been removed, and now it was a mass of corruption, to which the flies had gained access and in which the maggots rioted.

HORRIBLE RESULTS OF MEAGER CARE

The nurse held a basin of water as the doctor worked away at the limbs, one after the other, and dug out all offending substances. Finally he turned to me and said: "Yell! Why don't you yell? It will do you good!" I answered: "You are doing me too much good, Doctor; and besides that, I don't belong to the yelling kind." Finally the new dressing was completed. I was very much exhausted and the doctor was a very tired man. Straightening up, he said: "Well, I guess you feel 50 per cent better, don't you, my boy?" And I answered: "No, I do not." "Why?" he asked. And I answered: "Turn me on my side and you'll see." "Bedsore?" he exclaimed sharply. And I answered: "Yes." The fact of the business was that my back had become sore lying on those boards in that tent, the flies had got at it, and all that you can possibly imagine had followed. My back was in a horrible condition, the backbone being bare for 2 inches. I have heard profanity in my time, but I have never heard anything to excel that in which Doctor Smith indulged when he fully grasped the condition I was in. He roared out an order to bring to him the surgeon who had had these men in charge, swearing by this and by that, that if he could get hold of him he would cut his heart out. The answer was brought to him that the surgeon had departed immediately upon the arrival of the ambulance.

Then the doctor proceeded to work at my back and did all that was possible at that time to relieve me from the discomfort. After he had cleansed it and put on the dressing, he sat down by me and said: "Now, my boy, I am going to be frank with you, and so I must say to you that this trouble with your back is more dangerous to your life than both your amputations. I can't promise you any hope unless we have your earnest and long-continued coöperation." I said: "Tell me what to do, Doctor." He proceeded to inform me that it would be necessary for me to lie prone on my face most of the time; that otherwise, if I lay upon my back, gangrene was almost certain to ensue, and then the end would speedily come. I told him I wanted him to tell me the exact chances resulting from the condition I was in, and to tell me the absolute truth; that I was not afraid to face the end if the end was to come then. I asked him if I had one chance in fifty and he said instantly, "No." That hurt me a little, but I rallied enough to say, "One chance in seventy-five?" And the answer came in tender tones, "Hardly that, poor boy." "Well," I said, "Doctor, certainly I have one in a hundred." "Oh, yes," he said, "you have one in a hundred." "Well," I said, "all that I can say, Doctor, is—wade in on that one chance and I will back you up to the best of my ability." And so the long, hard struggle began. I learned, after my brother came down there, that the doctor spoke of our interview at the dinner table that night as the doctors assembled and designated me as a "nervy little cuss," and said that he was going to see that everything possible was done to help pull me through.

(To be concluded next month)

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WHEREVER OUR SOLDIERS CAMP TWO FLAGS ARE ALWAYS SEEN, THE STARS AND STRIPES AND, NOT FAR AWAY, THE WORLD-WIDE EMBLEM OF MERCY AND RELIEF

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OUR GROWTH AND NEED STILL TO GROW

By MAJ. GEN. ARTHUR MURRAY, U. S. A. (Ret.)
Acting Chairman, Central Committee, American Red Cross

IT IS exceedingly gratifying to the American Red Cross to be able to announce to the public and its members that during the six months ending July 31, 1916, its membership has increased from about 27,000—which represented the growth of the Society during ten years following its reorganization in 1905, to about 210,000—an increase of nearly 800 per cent in its membership in the last six months.

That in this same time the number of Red Cross Chapters organized throughout the country has increased from 110 to 199.

That while up to six months ago practically nothing had been done toward organized Red Cross preparedness for furnishing volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of our Army and Navy in time of war, during the last six months the personnel required for 25 base hospitals of 500 beds each for the Army have been selected and enrolled from among the staff of 25 of the largest and best hospitals of the country; that several naval base hospitals, which are about half the size of the Army base hospitals, are now being organized; that funds for the purchase of equipment of 16 of the 25 Army base hospitals, costing $25,000 each, have been subscribed, and that the purchase of the material for these base hospital units has been begun, and the equipment as purchased is being stored so as to be ready for immediate use in case of need.

That, in addition to this organization of base hospital units, the personnel required for two field columns for transferring the sick and wounded from the transfer hospitals of the regular Army medical service to the Red Cross base hospitals have been selected and enrolled from among the staff of two of the important hospitals of the country, and $10,000 toward the purchase of the equipment for one of these field columns has been subscribed.

While this really wonderful progress during the last six months is most gratifying to the American Red Cross, and while the Red Cross is more than glad to be able to extend its heartiest congratulations to all its members, who by their interest and zeal and their united and untiring efforts have secured this progress, it firmly believes that this great showing and success should be but an added incentive to greater effort and greater success, if possible, in the future; for it should ever be remembered by every patriotic American citizen interested in humanity's cause that even with this great stride to the front the American Red Cross is still far behind the standard set by little Japan, which, with its 40 million of inhabitants, has a Red Cross membership of 1,800,000, with an endowment fund of $13,000,000, while the United States, with 100 million people, has even now a Red Cross membership of only about 210,000, with an endowment fund of about $1,000,000.

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The Status of the Nurse's Aid in Time of War

By JANE A. DELANO

Chairman, National Committee on Red Cross Nursing Service

IN THE development of our Red Cross base hospital units special provision has been made for the appointment of a limited number of laywomen, who will be known as "volunteer nurses' aids," and who will serve under the direction of the chief nurse of the unit and perform such simple duties as may safely be intrusted to them. Owing to the great amount of newspaper publicity given to this special service and the frequent inquiries coming to this office, it seems desirable to make a definite statement covering the subject.

There will be attached to each Army base hospital unit 50, and to each Navy unit 60 enrolled Red Cross nurses. They must be graduates of training schools fulfilling very definite requirements, and in States where registration is provided for by law they must also be registered nurses

There will also be attached to each Army base hospital 25, and to each Navy unit 14 women who are not nurses by profession, who will be known as "volunteer nurses' aids." They will serve without pay, but may be furnished with transportation, lodging, and subsistence when the unit to which they are attached is called into active service. They will be prepared for duty under the supervision of the Nursing Service of the Red Cross and will be required to take at least the course of instruction in elementary hygiene and home care of the sick and pass a satisfactory examination for the same. It is also desirable that they take such other courses of instruction as may be

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LAY WOMEN TAKING PART OF THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION TO BE NURSES' AIDS

A first aid demonstration in the East Cantonment, U. S. Barracks, Presidio, Cal.

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provided by the Red Cross. None of the courses of instruction given by the Red Cross, however, qualifies women to act as nurses; nor have those completing the courses the right to call themselves "nurses' aids" or to perform any service as such in the name of the Red Cross unless definitely assigned to duty in connection with one of our base hospital units. "Volunteer nurses' aids" will not be sent out independently of base hospitals or assigned to duty except under the supervision of enrolled Red Cross nurses. Practical experience as nurses or partial training cannot be accepted in lieu of our course in elementary hygiene and home care of the sick, as one of the chief advantages of this instruction is to give the Red Cross an opportunity, by observation, to judge of the qualifications of those taking the course and their probable fitness for service.

"Volunteer nurses' aids" will be selected by the chief nurse of the unit, and those most likely to be chosen are women who have some definite connection with the hospital or training school where the unit is being organized and who are personally known to the Director and Chief Nurse.

Under no circumstances will volunteer lay-women be assigned to duty within the zone of military operations. Their chief sphere of usefulness will be in supply rooms, linen rooms, diet kitchens, laundries, and wards of base hospitals located in the Red Cross zone of activity at some distance from that of the military operations. Assignments to duty are in all cases made through Red Cross Headquarters, Washington, D. C., and it will be impossible to take into consideration the desire of women volunteering to be assigned to duty in connection with the Militia or National Guard of their own States.

SHIPMENTS OF AMERICAN RED CROSS WAR RELIEF SUPPLIES FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1916

For United States Military Purposes

A wide variety of military relief supplies coming within the list of officially approved articles have been shipped by the American Red Cross to various points for the aid and comfort of the military forces of the United States. The number of cases shipped during July and the points of destination follow:

Douglas, Ariz., 12 cases; Nogales, Ariz., 100 cases; Columbus, N. M., 12 cases; Peekskill, N. Y., 1 case; Brownsville, Tex., 12 cases; El Paso, Tex., 7 cases; McAllen, Tex., 16 cases; San Antonio, Tex., 82 cases.

For Foreign Purposes

Country.	No. of shipments.	No. pkgs.	Purchased.	Donated supplies. Designated.	Donated supplies. Undesignated.	Total value.
Belgium	2	29	.....	$400.00	$1,542.50	$1,942.50
England	1	20	.....	982.85	.....	982.85
France	4	1,039	$26,478.88	14,729.05	2,055.00	43,262.93
Italy	5	81	1,142.91	5,385.00	2,928.50	9,456.41
Russia	4	63	1,504.22	.....	3,348.00	4,852.22
Serbia	3	43	247.20	4,000.00	480.00	4,727.20
	19	1,275	$29,373.21	$25,496.90	$10,354.00	$65,224.11

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS RECEIVED IN JULY, 1916

No. of shipments.	By whom acknowledged.	Dates of letters.
Belgium, 1	Belgian Red Cross, Calais	July 6
England, 5	British Red Cross, London	June 16, July 6, 10, 17
France, 6	American Relief Clearing House, Paris.	July 7, 11, 17, 20
Italy, 3	American Relief Clearing House, Rome, and U. S. Consul General, Genoa.	June 24, July 12, 14
Serbia, 1	American Relief Clearing House, Paris.	July 20

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NATIVES OF AMERICAN SAMOA IN THEIR CANOE PADDLING OUT TO A VESSEL IN PAGO PAGO HARBOR TO SELL THEIR HANDIWORK (See "Manua Islands Bloom Again")

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MANUA ISLANDS BLOOM AGAIN

American Samoa Has Completely Recovered from "The Storm of Storms" of 1915, and Natives Are Busy and Happy After Government and Red Cross Assistance.

SEVERAL interesting chapters are added to the great historical volume of recoveries after disasters which have engaged the attention of the American Red Cross by a further report from Governor J. M. Poyer of American Samoa concerning the changed conditions in the Manua Islands of the Pacific, which were literally stripped of vegetation by an unprecedented typhoon January 10, 1915. The Governor has returned to the Red Cross $878 of the $2,000 contributed last year for the relief of the over two thousand natives of Manua, whose homes, crops, and fishing facilities were completely destroyed. The United States Congress appropriated $10,000 for the relief of the Manua storm sufferers.

Governor Poyer says the people of Manua are now in a position to take care of themselves, "and I have still available an unexpended balance from the congressional appropriation. Under these circumstances, and considering the many calls that are made on the Red Cross Society to relieve distress, I am returning the unexpended balance.

"I desire to express to the Society my profound gratitude for and sincere appreciation of the generous aid extended to the stricken people of Manua during their period of suffering. The emergency was very great and keen distress to all the people would have resulted had not outside aid been extended."

Inclosed with Governor Poyer's letter, in addition to an itemized accounting for the money expended, was a translation of a letter to himself from Chief Tufele, of the Manua district, in which the native executive says:

"Tufele and all the people of the Manua district now send you their great thanks and appreciation for the very valuable gifts, which supported this district during the year of 1915.

"Tufele and all the chiefs of the district still keep in memory the various supplies of food which were sent, such as rice, biscuits, flour, salmon, and coffee, which strengthened the people and enabled them to replace the things destroyed by the storm. We now have more plantations than in former years. If it had not been for these supplies sent by the United States government, no doubt, this district would now be an empty one.

"Therefore Tufele, with all the chiefs of the district, wish to send their great thanks, through the Governor, to the United States government, with the hope that Your Excellency will send our thanks through your own letter to the President and the Red Cross Society."

Another of Governor Poyer's communications consists largely of a report from Surgeon Edward G. Parker, U. S. N., who is health officer for American Samoa, which report was written at Tutuila.

Surgeon Parker's report to Governor Poyer, which contains a good rat story—testifying to the ingenuity and the enterprise of the natives—follows in part:

FAMINE IS ENTIRELY OVER

"Landing at Tau on the morning of January 4, 1916, I found conditions most satisfactory in all respects. There is now an abundance of the essential native food products throughout the islands and the famine is entirely over. The islands are now self-supporting in every particular and no further help from outside sources will be needed.

"The plantations are all thriving and the natives have now time to devote to the rebuilding of their houses and villages along permanent lines; to make and re-

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SOME OF OUR PACIFIC ISLAND COUSINS AND THEIR HOME, TUTUILA, AMERICAN SAMOA

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pair their fishing boats and other needful water craft. The recent rains have been most beneficial and all the hillsides are now overgrown with characteristic luxuriant vegetation; so that the fallen trees, debris, and the like, left by the hurricane are now out of sight for the most part, and the country has everywhere the appearance which promises thriving crops and future plenty.

"A surprisingly large number of cocoanut trees which immediately after the hurricane were regarded as dead have completely recovered, and an abundant copra yield may now be expected at a much earlier period than was at first thought possible.

"Breadfruit also, owing to the apparently marvelous recovery of many trees at first thought hopelessly damaged, will be available much sooner than predicted.

"Sanitary conditions are good everywhere, as is the health of the people.

"The return of the natives deported on account of food shortage is continuing and all may be now returned to their homes as soon as practicable.

NATIVES OVERCOME OBSTACLES

"In going over the famine situation in retrospect, one is struck by the good spirit and zealous activity of the natives in meeting their problems. They have done fine work, have accomplished much, and are to be congratulated upon a happy recovery from, and most successful combatting of, what at one time seemed a most discouraging situation.

"Another evidence of the thrift and industry of the people of Manua has been brought out during the past month. With the announcement of a bounty to be paid on rats, these people have made much of their opportunity. In a period of one month nearly 20,000 rats—19,834, to be accurate—have been turned into the authorities and destroyed. This yields a revenue to these people of about $500, which they sorely need, since their copra crop, formerly the sole source of revenue, was virtually destroyed by the hurricane. While the $500 bounty value on the 20,000 rats is a great boon to these people, the actual value in dollars and cents to future crops protected from the ravages of these pests is incalculable.

WARY RATS ARE SNARED

"Every one of these 20,000 rats was caught without the use of a single white man's rat trap. Native devices were used entirely, consisting chiefly of cocoanut fiber snares, operated by the hands of patient, ambitious, enthusiastic natives.

"Considering the former food shortage and the vital importance of protecting all crops at this particular time, a more opportune moment for rat extermination could not have been chosen.

"Although active work in connection with the famine is no longer necessary, inspection every month or two should be made and the natives encouraged and advised in rebuilding their villages and removing for all time the effects of the calamity which they have so successfully overcome."

TWO PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

WHEN that knightly champion of the Red Cross, *The Chicago Herald*, is not saying something constructively helpful it is between-edition time. And even then those who are identified with it are giving some personal service to the Red Cross Chapter in the big city by the lake. Here are a couple of pungent paragraphs from *The Herald's* editorial page:

"The Red Gods and the Red Cross are both calling, but the call of the latter is more pressing."

"You may not be able to go to the front, but you can come to the front with a contribution to the Red Cross."

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"WHAT SHOULD I DO WHEN—?"

One or two questions concerning the proper steps to take in rendering First Aid or in Accident Prevention from members of the American Red Cross will be answered monthly in this department. The answers in large part will be taken from First Aid Text-Books of the American Red Cross. Address communications to the "What Should I Do When" Editor, American Red Cross Magazine, Washington, D. C.

QUERY: We were traveling on a river boat when the cook of the steamer was found unconscious in his stateroom. The heat was intense, and he was probably its victim, but no one knew how to tell heat prostration from sunstroke, nor what to do in either case. The poor man died before medical assistance could be secured. Can you tell me how we could have told the difference in the symptoms between sunstroke and heat prostration and what should have been done in either case?—"TRAVELER."

ANSWER: The question is a very interesting one, because the terms "sunstroke" and "heat prostration" are frequently confused in the public mind, although the conditions are really entirely different, and the treatment required varies accordingly.

SUNSTROKE: Sunstroke is a very dangerous condition, due to direct exposure to the sun's rays in hot weather, especially when the air is moist, or to exposure to excessive heat indoors.

Symptoms: Usually before the actual attack there is pain in the head and a feeling of oppression; unconsciousness complete; face red; pupils dilated; skin very hot and dry; no perspiration; breathing labored and sighing; pulse slow and full.

Treatment: Move at once to a cool place and reduce temperature; loosen and remove clothing; apply cold to head and body. To do this, cold water or ice should be rubbed over face, neck, chest, and in armpits. It is still better to put patient in very cold bath or to wrap him in sheets wrung out in cold water, which should be kept wet and cold with water or ice. If this is done, must rub continually to prevent shock and to bring hot blood to surface. When consciousness returns allow patient to drink cold water. Do not give stimulants.

HEAT EXHAUSTION: As the name indicates, this is simply exhaustion or collapse, due to excessive heat.

Symptoms: Great depression and weakness, but not really unconscious; face pale and covered with clammy sweat; breathing shallow; pulse weak and rapid.

Treatment: Remove to a cool place and have patient lie down in most comfortable position, with clothing loosened; no cold externally, but may sip cold water; stimulants, as tea, coffee, aromatic spirits of ammonia, or small amount of brandy or whiskey with a good deal of water.

IN EITHER CASE SEND FOR A DOCTOR.

Flood Sufferers Are Aided

THE floods that afflicted the Southeastern States during July and August caused severe distress in several widely separated districts, where the smaller rivers overflowed with unexpected suddenness at a time to cause a maximum loss to the agricultural communities.

In Wilcox, Marengo, and Greene counties, Alabama, the loss was particularly heavy. In response to appeals from this section, Mr. W. M. McGrath, of Birmingham, who has represented the Red Cross in similar work before, was sent to the scene by the Director General of Civilian Relief.

Mr. McGrath conferred with the local relief committees in Camden and Demopolis and advised them in their work. Upon his recommendation, $1,000 was sent to each of these committees.

In one section it was estimated that 80 per cent of the families would need assistance.

The cotton and corn crops were almost completely destroyed. The war in Europe, the boll weevil, and the climax of the flood have in the case of many plantations made it impossible for the landlord to relieve his tenants' distress.

An appropriation by Congress made further help from the Red Cross unnecessary.

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RED CROSS SHIPPING DISTRICTS

THE limits of Red Cross shipping districts are given below. It should be clearly understood that these limits are only general; that shippers, wherever located, are expected to select such shipping routes as in their judgment should be taken in the best interests of the Red Cross, with a view to keeping the cost of transportation as low as possible. With this understanding the following shipping districts are prescribed:

(1) NEW YORK DISTRICT—Red Cross Supply Depot, Bush Terminal No. 19, South Brooklyn, N. Y. Includes all of New England and the eastern part of New York State.

(2) CINCINNATI DISTRICT—Red Cross Supply Depot, 219 East Second street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Includes Pennsylvania, the western part of New York State, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, and Indiana.

(3) CHICAGO DISTRICT—Red Cross Supply Depot, Clearing, Argo District, Chicago, Ill. Includes Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and northern Illinois.

(4) KANSAS CITY DISTRICT—Red Cross Supply Depot, c/o Montgomery Ward & Company, Kansas City, Mo. Includes North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa, northern Missouri, and northeastern Kansas.

(5) DENVER DISTRICT—Red Cross Supply Depot, Denver, Colo. Includes Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, and northern Colorado.

(6) SAN FRANCISCO DISTRICT—Red Cross Supply Depot, c/o Mr. A. B. C. Dohrmann, San Francisco, Cal. Includes Washington, Oregon, Nevada, and northern California.

(7) DOUGLAS, ARIZ.—Red Cross Supply Depot, c/o Mayor W. H. Adamson, Douglas, Ariz. Includes Arizona and southern part of California (Los Angeles).

(8) EL PASO, TEX.—Red Cross Supply Depot, 516 San Francisco street, El Paso, Texas. Includes all territory west of Kansas not otherwise embraced.

(9) SAN ANTONIO DISTRICT—Red Cross Supply Depot, Avenue E and Fourth street, San Antonio, Tex. Territory not included in above districts which is situated to the east of a north and south line through the western boundary of Kansas.

(For general information about giving aid and comfort to our own soldiers on the Mexican border, write to Bureau of Supplies, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., for Pamphlet A. R. C. 125.)

Crippled Girl Lends a Hand

A CRIPPLED girl in Denver, who for years had lain helpless, found a new outlook in life recently when she learned of the coöperative efforts of the Denver Chapter of the American Red Cross in making non-perishable hospital supplies. Though prostrated by her infirmity, her hands were able to turn out products which some day may ease the pain or prevent the unnecessary suffering of men with the colors.

My Red Cross Creed

This is my only creed,
To scatter kindly seed:
A word—a smile—a deed;
To help some one in need.

—*M. L. Martrit.*

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THE BRASSARD BEARERS

By SIR FREDERICK TREVES

(Abstract from a Red Cross Supplement of the London Times)

HOWEVER efficient an army medical service may be, the help of a Red Cross organization is—and ever will be—a necessity. All those who are familiar with the operations of the Army Medical Department in the present war will admit that its work has been beyond praise, and will own, indeed, that it could scarcely be surpassed.

No army medical service can be maintained in times of peace upon a war footing. There is evolved in such times an elaborate scheme for expansion in war; but one prominent and inevitable feature of that scheme is the enrolment of a vast body of personnel from the civil population in the form of doctors, nurses, orderlies, motor drivers, clerks, cooks, dispensers, and the like. In such work a civilian society can act with greater ease and promptness than can a huge organization like the War Office, and thus it is that in the supply of personnel the Red Cross societies have undoubtedly rendered sterling service. In the furnishing of medical and surgical comforts also the Red Cross societies are untrammeled by those very necessary forms and procedures which must be observed by a government body dealing with public funds.

In the matter of personnel the Red Cross societies provide a vent for that ardent sympathy which the people of this country feel for the wounded soldier, and, at the same time, make that bounteous eagerness to be of service which has been so glorious a feature in this unexampled campaign. In this eagerness to be kind, to do something for the wounded and the sick, the men and women of Britain, and of Britain beyond the seas, will not be denied. They insist upon taking their share in the work of mercy; they demand the right to assist; they decline to sit still with listless hands. This resolve of the generous folk of the Empire is the foundation of all Red Cross work, and it has expressed itself in a way of which the country of Florence Nightingale may well be proud.

ORGANIZED EFFORT IS IMPORTANT

Kindness, however, in times of stress is of little value unless it be organized. "He is my friend that helps me, and not he that pities me." It is the primary business of the Red Cross societies to organize the generosity of the country, economize it, to direct it into proper channels, and to prevent that overlapping and that waste of energy which is inevitable when no system of control exists.

The manner in which people of all classes and conditions, and from all parts and corners of the Empire, have volunteered for Red Cross service will be recorded with no little pride when the history of the great war comes to be written. The money subscribed to *The Times* Fund has reached a sum beyond even the wildest speculation; but at what cost must be valued the work of thousands who have given their services for nothing, and who, often at grievous loss to themselves, have joined the ranks of this great army of mercy, which stands, silent and invisible, behind the men in the trenches?

Their work, no matter what form it takes, is appreciated at its true worth by the hard-stricken soldier. What the War Office provides, the soldier accepts as his right, as a part of his pay, as something impersonal, to be classed with "rations" and "allowances"; but the provision of the Red Cross, on the other hand, whether in the form of service or of supplies, he recognizes as an expression of the solicitude of his own people. It carries with it a gracious sympathy, an assurance that he is not forgotten, a sense that he is cared for. It is something that comes

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International News Service

WOUNDED BRITISH "TOMMY" BEING CARRIED INTO THE LEICESTER PALACE THEATER, LONDON, BY TWO BRASSARD BEARERS

not from the ordnance store or the supply depot, but from home—from the homes of those who claim him as friend.

In the matter of medical comforts the War Office provides what is essential, and provides it well; but in the sick room it is the non-essential that matters. The equipment provided may be of the best, may embody the latest improvements in hospital gear; but it is the soft pillow, the cheery bed-cover, the clothing that has not the stamp of the barrack room upon it, and the bunch of homely flowers, that count with the man who is ill at ease. They are as the touch of a warm hand, of a feminine reassuring hand, and the soldier loves them better than the best that the quartermaster can effect.

Official sympathy, however well meant, and however well devised, is inevitably mechanical; but the work of the Red Cross is a labor of love, springing, with affectionate impulse, from the very heart of Britain.

WITH the experience of a surgeon who is fresh from active service with the medical corps of the German army behind it, a base hospital unit at the German Hospital in New York is being organized under the American Red Cross. Its director is Dr. Frederick Kammerer.

Dr. Kammerer only recently withdrew from active service with the German army and brings to his new task the very valuable knowledge gained at the German front in the European war zone.

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Photo by Cardinell-Vincent Co., S. F.

"THE MOTHER OF THE DEAD"

Photograph of the famous group by C. S. P[illegible] cast at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition
(Mrs. Don[illegible]s, [illegible] Substitute Mother.)

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THE SUBSTITUTE MOTHER

A Story of France

By ELSIE DEMING-JARVES

IN THE old house heavily garlanded with ivy and climbing roses, at the end of the village, lived the old maid. Through vistas of thick foliage the broken sky-line of tiled roofs appeared; in the west the church tower showed dark against the sunset skies. Here she had lived in seclusion these many years, her pigeons feeding on the green lawn; her rose garden, fragrant and sunny, facing the eastern hills; her *poualailler* (poultry yard), her dogs, her cats, filled the long hours of her austere life.

In solitude she ate her well-cooked meals; by the stone fireside, in other years the center of family life and gaiety, she sat in the evening reading her "Figaro," with her knitting in the recesses of the Louis XVI *tricoteuse,* close at hand in case the print became blurred, which so often happened of late. Meditating, her pure thoughts far from the world and its stormy passions, her judgment became perhaps too severe, her charity a trifle too customary and censorious. All her actions were the result of axioms and precepts laid down years ago by long-dead parents. To her the past shone with a glorious light of humanity and youth, full of kindly people, of cheerful pleasures and gay days. The present, so solitary and sad, had crept upon her unperceived, to find her with wrinkling brow and graying hair, more and more lonely.

Every morning at early mass she looked with non-comprehension into the faces of the elderly women, her contemporaries. Mothers these many years ago; long ago they loved and married, leaving "La Demoiselle" to her patrician seclusion up at the "Great House." Lusty youths and strong, fresh-faced girls clustered about these contemporaries; sweet-faced young women, holding babies against their rounded breasts; boys touched their caps in shy awe as she left the church; girls smiled, blushing and demure; children sucked their thumbs and bobbed courtesies; but to none was she vital or important. To them the world was full of busy pleasures and activities, of warm summer days and young joys; to her, bending over her endless tapestry work in the silence of the old manor, the world seemed very trite indeed! Her home was so orderly, so clean, so proper, so remote from life! No muddy footprints on the wax floors, no child's toys forgotten in the corner, no cap or jacket thrown carelessly on disturbed furniture; her apartments were sweet with lavender and roses, but tobacco smoke was a stranger to their antique propriety.

Now, suddenly, all these quiet ways, these time-honored habits were destroyed. War broke over France, and she, with countless of her countrywomen, donned the white linen gown embroidered with that cross of red, emblem of so many sacrifices and devotions. The hastily installed hospital became her only thought; all her energy, care, and patience must be brought to the aid of the broken men as her tribute to the defenders of France. In the long whitewashed hall, on whose blank the crucifix hung alone, stood the double row of beds where lay these valiant fellows. Young boys of 18 and 20, arms and legs in plaster or bound in blood-stained bandages, forced, poor chaps, to the sight of such horrors on the battlefield as to remove forever their youthful joyance of life. Older men, bearded and bronzed, talked to her of their family life, of their wives and children, of the little humdrum every-day experiences, so unknown to her, so commonplace and vital to them. Gone for her the tranquil days of yesteryear, her

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collection of laces, her bibelots, her books, her revues—all the souvenirs of years of sedate living.

Only the maps of the battlefields interested her now; the long, hard duties of the Red Cross were more entrancing than her most delightful journeys in Italy, her summers in Switzerland. Many things she saw, heard, and was obliged to do, and she was shocked and horrified; but courage, patience, and skill were daily demanded of her. A great endurance necessary in such arduous work, and her compassion ever inspired renewed effort. Life and death were there in frightful reality before her eyes; so to the round-shouldered, gray-headed woman these great facts became the motive power of her life. She became the willing, compassionate servant of this army of cripples. What surprises she received! What human misery she witnessed! What confessions she heard! Here she must write a last message to a distant mother from her dying boy. There a strong man, now a cripple, implored her to tell his wife of his misfortune; again an ignorant faithful creature begged for news from his family. Since the war began, nearly two years ago, no word of them had reached him. To all these little duties she added the care of their injured bodies, the dressing of wounds, the feeding of the helpless.

To her who so short a time past lived in lonely luxury, to whom the world and life were as a closed book; to her who last year was satisfied with her dogs and chickens, her cats and pigeons, who looked with a half scornful, half indignant commiseration on the vibrant life around her, had come a great illumination! From those big children, the rough *"poilus,"* the soldiers she nursed so tenderly, she learned instinctively. They opened their hearts to her; they showed her their anguish and suffering; they called her "La Petite Mere," turning to her in all hours for consolation and help. So when the "Demoiselle" went home, after 12 hours' devotion to these wounded ones, her heart was filled with a great rejoicing; a warmth and satisfaction such as she had never known stole through her weary body; aching feet were forgotten, and to God she sent up a prayer of thankfulness that she had been allowed "to serve."

It was a lovely June evening; the night breeze, fragrant with new-mown hay and the perfume of sleeping field flowers, stole through the open window, fluttering the "Veilleuse" as it cast its feeble light and shadow over the still form lying in the white sheet, so soon to become its shroud. The old *Demoiselle* sat there in pious thought, her eyes fixed on the boy she had nursed so many months, now so near to death—the boy whose soul had been washed clean by the Holy Sacraments and whose body was so soon to disappear from the world of men. Poor fellow, so far from all who loved him, his white features showed pinched and thin in the light of the crescent moon, looking over the black masses of trees into the desolate white room. From time to time his stiffening lips murmured "mother." He turned his head feebly from side to side, seeking her, who in a far-away province knew nothing of her son's agony. The hours dragged on, the young moon disappeared behind the trees, the moribund moaned gently from time to time. A cooler breeze, precursor of the morning freshness, swept through the wood. The *Demoiselle* still kept her vigil, changing her patient's pillow, holding a cup of water to his lips. Suddenly he gave an agonizing cry: "My mother! My mother! Where art thou? I cannot see! It is growing dark! Hold me, my mother, hold me!"

Then to the old maid came her great moment. Taking the poor trembling form in her arms, she pillowed the rolling head on her bosom, and pressing her lips to the dying boy's forehead, she whispered: "I am here, my son; do not fear. I, your mother, hold you. You are safe in my arms, my little one. Rest in peace."

The sun rose in glorious June splendor; the birds were singing their morning matins; the dewy flowers cast forth a ravishing fragrance; only in the sick room was there silence, but also a holy peace; for the old maid, she who had never lied, who had scorned and reproved those who did it, had lied eagerly to comfort the passing spirit of a boy.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die.
—*Hemans.*

SOLUTION OF BLOCKADE PROBLEM IS HOPED FOR

THERE is hope as this is being written, the middle of August, that the right of way for American Red Cross supplies into all European belligerent countries will again be cleared and the privilege of serving the millions of war sufferers, wherever they are, be fully enjoyed by our country's official humanitarian agency. The following authoritative statement recently issued from our National Headquarters states the present situation in a few words, this situation being the result of considerable correspondence between Mr. Taft, chairman of the Central Committee, through our State Department and the British Foreign Office:

"Since October last, when the American Red Cross, owing to lack of funds, withdrew the hospital units it had established and maintained for more than a year in the warring countries of Europe, the Red Cross has been strenuously, but vainly, endeavoring, through the State Department, to obtain Great Britain's permission to send hospital supplies to the Central Powers.

"In a communication to the State Department, dated July 28, 1916, Great Britain now suggests that if the American people really desire to send relief supplies to the sick and wounded of the Central Empires they can find a way by financing American Red Cross hospital units to take the places of those which have been withdrawn from those countries, as the allied governments will permit Red Cross hospital supplies to be shipped to these reëstablished units.

"In accordance with this suggestion of the British Government, the American Red Cross has requested permission of the Central Powers, through the State Department, to reëstablish one or two hospital units, of six doctors and eight nurses each, in each of the countries of the Central Powers."

Important and happy developments may ensue before this Magazine can reach the reader, despite a press dispatch from London, dated August 9, four days after the issuance of the above-quoted announcement, which dispatch brings intelligence of what is purported to be a retaliatory move on the part of the German Government growing out of Great Britain's refusal of permits for American Red Cross shipments to the Central Powers. The following memorandum of the German Government was quoted in the London news article by American newspapers:

"Great Britain, although she had originally assented to safe passage of such articles, having declined to accept the proposals of the American and Spanish governments, having even refused to allow the American Red Cross organization to dispatch them to the German Red Cross Society, and having further declined to listen to a protest from former President Taft on the subject, Germany is no longer in a position to grant free passage of surgical and medical requisites coming within the power of her naval forces, as she has done up to now. The German

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Navy will receive orders to exercise in the future the right pertaining to it to requisition the medical and surgical requisites mentioned in the Spanish Government's list for the use of German military forces."

Every member of the American Red Cross and every friend of our neutral and strictly humanitarian organization can rest assured that no legitimate step permitted by the Geneva and Hague treaties and the rules of propriety will be overlooked in our efforts to serve the unhappy victims of the great war in accord with the true purpose of the Red Cross—without regard to place, nationality, sect, or creed.

READ THESE ARTICLES AND WATCH FOR MORE

A DISTINGUISHED veteran of our own Civil War tangles himself up in our heartstrings in this issue, in "Before Red Cross Days," with a vivid account of the sufferings of the poor wounded soldier who gets scanty medical and surgical care. You owe it to humanity to read both instalments of Corporal Tanner's experiences in and after the second battle of Bull Run.

As to the Red Cross membership, you should read General Murray's contribution on "Our Growth and Need Still to Grow." The fact that we have passed the two-hundred-thousand mark in membership is no invitation to a cessation of energetic Red Cross building. Let's equal little Japan's membership of 1,800,000, and keep on climbing. We have 100,000,000 inhabitants, Japan only 40,000,000.

You will miss something both entertaining and instructive if you overlook any of Mr. Ellwood Hendrick's contributions. We are sincerely hopeful of getting something from him every month.

It is a genuine pleasure to announce that we are expecting a series of splendid European Red Cross articles, to be contributed by Dr. Bela Sekely, a humanitarian and writer of note, who recently left on an unusual tour of Continental Europe. Among his enterprises will be the securing of personal interviews with and sketches of the presidents of the Red Cross societies of perhaps seven or eight foreign countries. In view of Dr. Sekely's scholarliness, his charm as a writer, and his deep interest in Red Cross work, we have reason to look forward to publishing a very valuable contribution to Red Cross world history from him.

A GOOD MOTHER FOILS OUR FRIENDLY SLEUTH

IT IS necessary and disappointing to announce that we cannot publish the name and picture of the little Scarsdale, N. Y., boy who, while down with whooping-cough not long ago, produced ninety-nine bandages as a contribution to the Red Cross for European war relief. All bandages are sterilized before being used, of course. The friendly detective whom we put on the lad's trail failed us utterly; but in reporting her failure she gave an excuse and likewise, we are glad to say, indicated that the lad has completely recovered from his whooping. Judge for yourself from this:

"His mother says he is cocky enough without any publicity."

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